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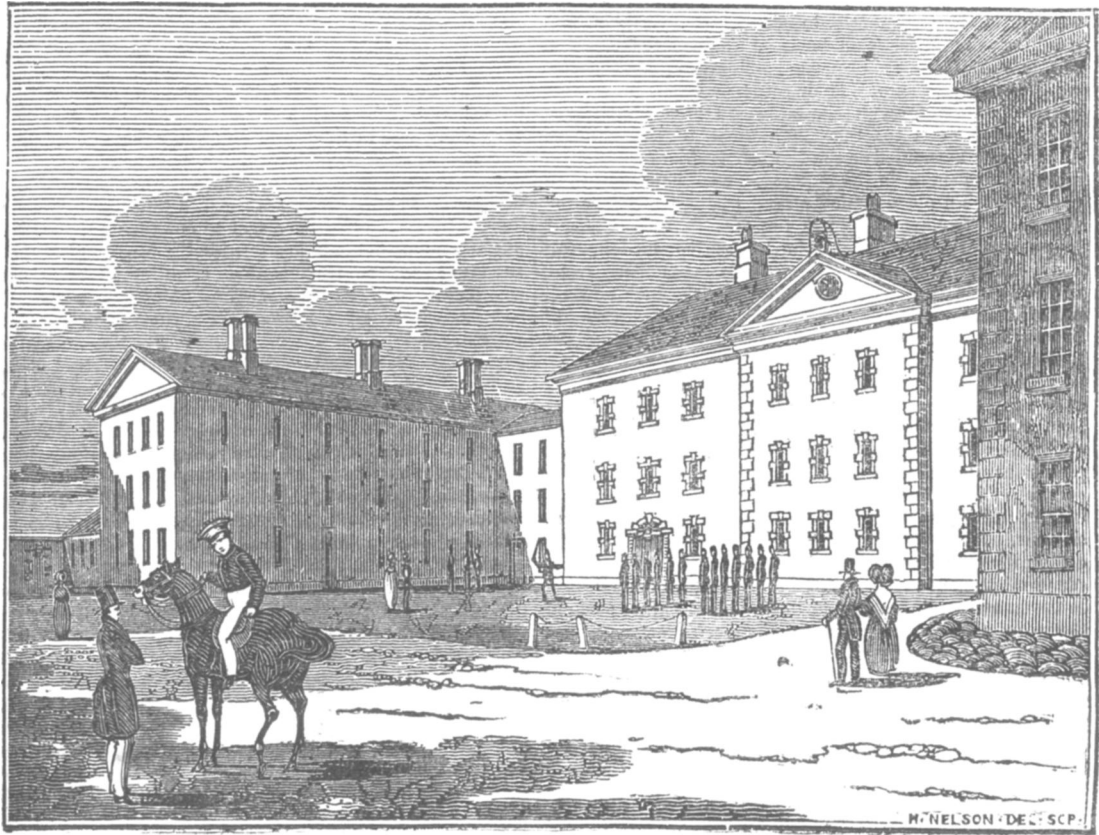
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HIBERNIAN SCHOOL, PHOENIX PARK.

In our description of the Phoenix Park in a former number, we slightly noticed this interesting institution.

The building is situated in the Phoenix Park, about three miles from the Castle of Dublin. The front consists of a centre and two wings, 300 feet in length, and three stories high. The centre contains the boys' school and dormitories; the eastern wing commodious apartments for the commandant, adjutant, and chaplain: and in the western, the females are accommodated. There is a fine area, in front of the School, near 400 feet long, by about 200 in breadth, in which the boys play or parade in wet weather; and the dormitories are spacious, neat, and well ventilated. Contiguous to the central building, the head usher (who is called serjeant-major,) and the assistant ushers, have convenient apartments. There are also extensive work-rooms for the children, who are instructed in tailoring and shoemaking. The female part of the establishment is equally well arranged. The chapel, where the Lord Lieutenant's family generally attend during their residence in the Park, is neat and convenient.

A farm of nineteen acres is attached to the school, which is cultivated by the boys, with the assistance of a gardener and two or three labourers. They are kept alternately at labour and instruction; the latter being administered by the chaplain, who has the government of the school, and who frequently lectures on the Holy Scriptures. The females are taught every thing suitable for their sex and condition. At fourteen the males are apprenticed, generally, to handicraft trades, and the females to mantua-makers, milliners, ribbon-weavers, gloves, &c.

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The children admissible to this school must be between the ages of seven and twelve. A preference is given to orphans, or those whose fathers have been killed, or died on foreign service. The annual average expense of each child is about fourteen pounds, and the establishment is supported by Parliamentary grants and casual donations. Health and vigour particularly mark the children of this school, which is, no doubt, in a great measure attributable to the salubrity of its situation, and the active exercises in which they are engaged. To give them a taste for a military life, the classes are called companies, and the boys are encouraged in running, leaping, and other feats of agility.

This institution was first opened in 1767, during the administration of Lord Townshend, and, with the additional buildings since erected, is capable of containing about 600 children.

#### THE ANNUALS.

##### THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.

This is really a pretty little book; several of the engravings are excellent in their way—and although we again repeat the opinion we expressed last year, when speaking of this and similar publications, that the contents are not exactly of the description we deem best suited for young persons—still we consider the present an improvement on the past, as being much better suited for juvenile readers. The following simple narrative will show, how information and instruction may be blended with amusement:

CHILDREN SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND  
By a Swiss Lady.

"I wish, my dear mademoiselle, you would tell me how children contrive to amuse themselves in Switzerland during the winter. The weather you say, is so cold, and there is so much snow, that they must surely be very dull."

"They certainly would be dull," I replied, "if, as you fancy, they remained always at home; but such is not the case. They are from their birth accustomed to the weather, and consequently do not feel its severity as you would. Winter, far from being to them a tedious season, is one of great amusement, and always looked forward to with pleasure. Their great delight is in skating on the ice or sliding on the snow. I have seldom seen more happy faces together than those of the children of a village assembled at the top of a mount of about a quarter of a mile in its descent. Can you picture to yourself such a place behind an old castle, which, by the way, is said to have existed in the days of Julius Cæsar? It is a beautiful spot, and I have often spent delightful hours there. The noble avenue of horse-chestnut trees, the old castle with its tottering towers, the lovely Reuse rolling its clear waters almost at the foot of the little hill beyond the numberless villages, and in the distance the magnificent Alps!"

"Fancy, then, twenty or thirty boys and girls together at the top of the mount. The ground is covered by at least two feet of snow, frozen and hard. Each of the candidates for pleasure has a little chair formed of three planks, two standing parallel, and the third across the others; it is not more than three quarters of a foot in height, and of just sufficient breadth to allow one person to sit on it. At the bottom of the sides of the 'glisse,' as it is commonly called, there is a band of iron; such as you have seen in sledges or skates. A kind of path has been beaten in the snow, and now you sit down on your glisse; where the ground begins to incline, you stretch your legs, that they may not impede your way, holding a cord in your hand which is tied to the glisse, and answers the purpose of reins; a kind friend gives you a push, and away you go at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The most expert overtakes you, with one foot pushes you aside, and sends you rolling in the snow, while he pursues his course laughing and singing, till one still more expert than he is, sends him on the same errand. Others race together, and you may conceive the joy of the winner. The fresh, pure cold air gives to all a ruddy look of health; while their exertions keep the cold away, and you often hear them exclaim, 'How hot it is!' But there is no rose without thorns, nor any pleasure without its trouble; so you find when you are at the bottom of the hill, that you must walk up again, and drag your glisse after you; the snow is slippery, and you often make a *faux pas*, which is instantly followed by the laughter of all the little band. It is a healthy exercise, and not dangerous, the snow seldom being hard enough to hurt you when you fall in it. The place I have described is the favourite spot of the children of the small town of Boudry, in the canton of Neuchâtel. Boudry is not more than two miles from the foot of the Jura. In summer all the children flock to its woods to gather strawberries and raspberries, which grow wild there in luxuriant profusion.

"I remember to have seen there one of the prettiest fêtes you can well imagine. It is now many years ago. It had been settled two months previous to the end of the year, that a great pageant should take place on new year's day, in which should be exhibited the different professions or trades exercised by the people. The vintage had been abundant that year, and, therefore, they elected Bacchus for the divinity of the fête. But now for the plan of the pageant. There was to be a car of at least a quarter of a mile in length. This car was to be ornamented with evergreens,—not merely ornamented, but entirely covered, so that it might appear a moving *parterre*. The whole length of the car was divided into fifteen divisions, in each of which an arbour of evergreens was erected, so that they formed separate rooms, all of an equal size except the middle one, which was much larger and much more ornamented than the others.

"Now I am sure you will not think that too much time was taken to arrange the whole of this fête, if

was pleasant to see with what care the children of the neighbouring villages nursed the few flowers which an uncommonly mild winter had spared, to the end that they might have a bouquet on the day of the much wished for fête, or, if they had more than they wanted, to give them to adorn the car;—how those who were fortunate enough to possess a monthly-rose tree nursed it: the best place near the stove was for the beautiful and delicate tree. And the dresses, what fuss there was about them! But the great anxiety of all was on account of the weather; you may be sure the almanacks were consulted every day. The first question asked was, 'Do you think this fine weather will last? O, if the new year could but be ushered in by such a day as this! The Alps look very clear and distinct, and you know that's a sure sign that the weather is fixed for fine,' &c. &c.

"At last the time approached,—it was already Christmas day. The evergreens were seen pouring in from the Jura, where men had been sent to cut them; the car was put into a long flat field just outside the town, and the work advanced; all the ribands that could be gathered were collected. Now there were but a few days, and the weather was so good as to be just what one could have wished. The dresses were also ready; all went on beautifully till the last day, when, to the horror of all, young and old, the atmosphere presented a dense mass of heavy clouds, which, in a short time, poured their contents in the shape of snow, in torrents upon the devoted village. Now adieu to to-morrow's fête. O dear! if the weather had but continued fine for a few days longer, only two days more, after that it might have snowed for ever without any one caring a fig about the matter. Then the barometer was consulted every minute; shocking to tell, the barometer, instead of ascending, went lower and lower. However, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, a slight change was perceptible, not only in the atmosphere, but in the barometer, which began to ascend; and, though the snow continued to pour in, yet it was a consolation that it was a little abated, and hope began to revive. When it began to snow, large sheets had been spread over the car, luckily the flowers had been kept to the last, and were only to be arranged early in the morning. Towards evening the snow ceased to fall, the wind swept the clouds rapidly away, and just before night-fall a patch of blue sky had been seen; and, before nine o'clock came, the children had the satisfaction to see the sky studded with innumerable stars, and feel that a sharp frost had set in, and the wind still continued due west, and, therefore, would not snow on the morrow. How delightful! with these acclamations of delight, the happy creatures went to bed. At last the day appeared, and a glorious day it was, not a cloud to be seen, the air fresh, and the sun rising in tranquil majesty behind the Alps, whose tops were tinged with the rays of the rising sun, which gave them the hues of the rainbow; then the sun, like a globe, of fire, shewed itself entire, and spread its glorious rays all over the country. I do not remember ever having seen any thing so beautiful. The snow during the night had been frozen so hard, that you might fancy yourselves walking upon the purest marble. The last finish had been given to the car, every thing necessary had been put in it; and now you might see farmers, with all their oxen, arriving from every quarter (for the car was to be dragged by these animals); and how many pair do you think were employed on this occasion? No less than two hundred and fifty!—Yes, you may well be surprised, but such was the number. All the surrounding villages had been informed of what was going on, and were anxious to see it. The town was completely crammed, and there were not windows sufficient to admit of the eager heads that were languishing to get a peep. I know I was almost suffocated by the pressure and the squeezing. At last we saw a string of oxen coming up the town. I stretched my neck to see what came after, and I could see nothing but oxen and their drivers: the latter were clothed in their best, with an artificial rose in their coat, and ribands of different colours, with long floating ends, tied to their right arms; a broad-brimmed straw hat, also garnished with ribands and flowers, completed their costume. The oxen had not been forgotten, and flowers and ribands also ornamented their heads. I never remember

being so out of patience as I was then,—oxen after oxen passed with their slow measured step. Oh, thought I, if I could but infuse a little spirit into those dull animals! never remembering that, if they had gone at the smart trot I wished, in all probability they would have upset all the preparations. It was nearly half an hour, if not more, before the car appeared; at last we were rewarded for our patience. The first arbour represented a printing-press, at which the printers were hard at work, though we could see a sly smile on the lips of the young workmen. A grown-up person was in every arbour, to prevent the children from getting into mischief. We also heard music at a distance; this proceeded from the temple of the god: but I must describe each in its turn. In the next arbour we saw a set of tailors working hard, and laughings, exhibiting coats, &c. I now was fully satisfied that the oxen went at a wise pace: had they gone quickly, the spectators would not have seen half the sight. Then came a milliner's shop; what pretty bonnets and caps were exhibited there!—Then a dress-maker's. An inn, with all the bustle that there is generally in such a place. Now a shop of artificial flowers sold by little fairies, who looked more lovely than their flowers. After them came shoemakers. At last we obtained a full view of the centre arbour, it was spacious and beautifully set out, not gaudy, though there was enough to make it so, if it had not been arranged with good taste. On a heap of moss in the middle of the arbour a fine new barrel was laid, and one of the prettiest children I have ever seen was sitting on it, holding a silver cup in one hand, and a thyrus in the other. His head was crowned by a chaplet of roses and ivy. You never saw a happier face than that child's. A band was stationed at the back of the arbour, and in front a dozen children, holding each other by the hand, formed a choir. We had heard the music at a distance, and, therefore, were not sorry when the band stopped to allow the children to sing. In fancy, I still hear those sweet and innocent voices. The song was very pretty, but I do not remember the words now; they were in praise of Spring, and set to a very beautiful Swiss air. The burden of the song is the only thing I recollect of it; it was this: 'Violette! violette! reviens dans nos hameaux.\*' Next came a Glover; you know that the best gloves we wear now come from Fleurier, a village of Switzerland. Then came a weaver; and, if he had worked hard, the noise of his loom would not have been a very good accompaniment to the music. Next came the carpenter; some little girls were employed in gathering some shavings, &c. After came a basket-maker, and the baskets were all beautiful. The two last arbours contained a baker and a butcher. Now, do not you think that the oxen, though there were so many of them, had something to do to drag all this number of persons and things? When the car had passed our town, it was taken to two other small villages near; and at six o'clock, the oxen were unyoked, and all the children and their parents flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, where all sorts of refreshments had been prepared. The evening ended in a ball. Every thing had gone off in the most delightful manner! The weather had been fine; the children good; and I never heard, afterwards, any one complain of any thing that happened on that day; there were no "Ifs" or "Buts"—every body was satisfied.

"You see, my dear, that the children of Switzerland are not without their amusements in winter, and that the cold weather is no interrupter of pleasure. God has so wisely ordered all things, that there is not a country which does not possess advantages to counterbalance its disadvantages; and it is seldom that you will see any human being prefer another country to his own; and who is not convinced that his native land is by far superior to every other.

"And now, good night, my dearest; and never forget to thank God in your prayers for the many blessings which I am sure you value doubly, because of the power you possess of sharing them with others!"

From the poetry we select the following; which at

\* Violette! violette! return to our hamlets.

though not in very good keeping with the general character of a juvenile work, will, we are sure, be deemed a good specimen by the generality of our readers.

TO WOMAN.  
By Charles Swain.

SAYEST thou, Man's love will die  
Fickle and changing!  
Like the gay butterfly,  
Evermore ranging;  
Light as a summer brook  
Sighing and flirting;  
Still for the first sweet look  
Some heart deserting?  
Sayest thou, he'll seek love's rose,  
Only to blight it?  
Woo—till affection glows,  
Then coldly slight it;  
Bid the bright hues decay,  
Once proud to cherish;  
Watch them fade day by day,  
Silently perish?  
No! in his bosom beams  
Feeling more brightly;  
Honour too nobly gleams  
E'er to love lightly.  
If there be one that *can*  
Wrong thee—life shames him!  
'Tis not, believe me, man:  
*Manhood* disclaims him!  
Half thine own sorrow flows  
From thine election;  
Pleased with each idle beau's  
Prate of affection;  
True love may silent muse,  
No hope to cheer him;  
Whilst, when the coxcomb woos,  
All eyes smile near him!  
Turn from the trifler's tongue,  
Fair looks, and laughter;  
Smiles will not triumph long  
Sorrow reigns after!  
Seek, 'neath the quiet brow,  
Faith that fails never;  
Love that will light thee now,  
Bless thee for ever!

#### ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

SIR—In the notes to the second volume of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, two poems are given in the original Irish, one of which is untranslated, the other accompanied with a very beautiful metrical paraphrase, by the Rev. Dr. Drummond. The following version of both, if it has no other merit, can at least boast of fidelity.

The first of these poems is anonymous, but it contains internal marks of bardic composition. It is as follows:

"On a bright summer's morn, by the king's river, I beheld a stately brown-haired maid; her voice was sweeter than the music of the fairy host, and whiter was her cheek than the foam of the waves.\*

"Her slender waist like the chalky cliff! her small, light foot, gliding with delight o'er the grassy meads of the desert!† 'Oh, fair one of the valleys,' I softly said, 'unless you come with me, I shall have no health.'

"At the birth of this lovely maid, there came a harmonious bee, with a shower of honey on her berry lip. I kissed this fragrant, fair, mirthful maid—"Twas delightful I vow; but list to my tale.

"The sting of her burning lips went like an arrow through my heart; I was left without power, though, mournful to relate—is it not wonderful that I live with an arrow in my heart, though hundreds before me have fallen by her love?"

\* *Cuipe na d-tonn*, literally, "the cup on the waves."

† The word *fúasac*, commonly rendered "a desert or wilderness," conveys no idea of sterility, but the contrary, being derived from *fúac*, growth. It denotes a place remote from the habitations of men, full of grass and trees,